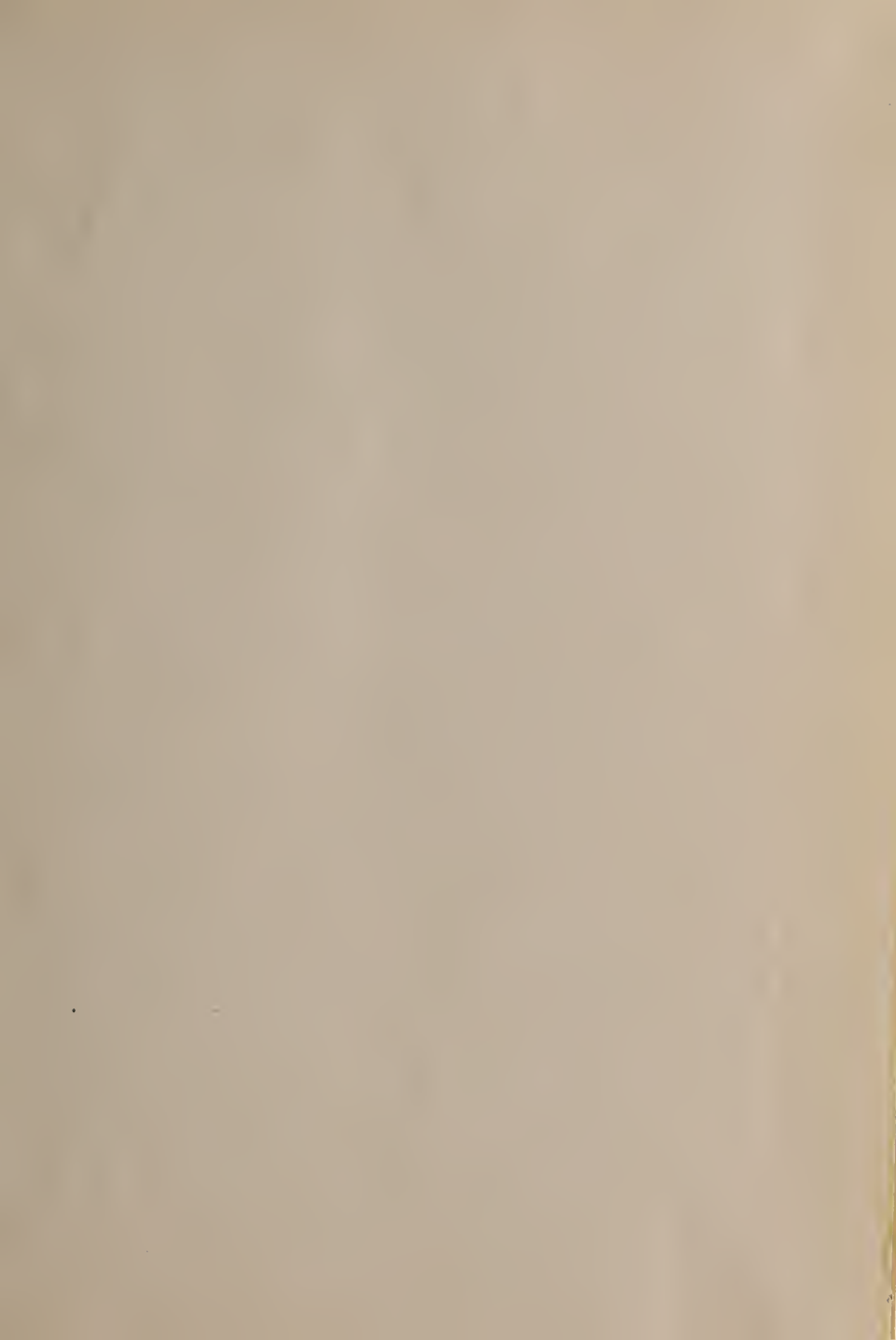


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Walker Home for Missionary Children
Auburn, Mass.

Life and Light

Vol. LII

May, 1922

No. 5

The Walker Home for Missionaries' Children

IT is doubtless true many a time that missionaries returning for furlough breathe a prayer of thanksgiving in memory of Mrs. Eliza Harding Walker, who founded and made possible for missionaries and their children the pleasant home in Auburndale, Massachusetts, which bears her name.

It was established in 1868, in a modest way, when Mrs. Walker took two other missionary children into her own family. Gradually the house expanded and after a fire in 1912 a fine new building was provided which accommodates thirty-five children and their parents. In addition, Walker Cottage, with rooms for sixteen people, provides a quiet, restful home for older missionaries or families without children. (See frontispiece.)

The whole atmosphere of these houses is of a refined, comfortable Christian home from which the capital H has been eliminated, largely through the loving parental care and wise oversight of the superintendents, Dr. Thomas B. Scott and his wife, Dr. Mary Scott. Themselves missionaries with several children, they have known how to father and mother the boys and girls who are left in their care by the heroic parents returning to mission fields.

As one shares the hospitality of the home at the evening meal in the pleasant dining room or watches the groups studying or playing in the attractive rooms, one feels a sense of hominess and comfort far removed from any thought of an institution.

The property is held by the American Board, but is under the immediate care of a Board of Trustees and a Board of Managers (women), appointed by the Prudential Committee, to whom is entrusted the carrying on of the Home and the securing of necessary funds. There is a partial endowment, but the annual expenses are ordinarily about \$15,000, so at least \$3,000 additional must be sought each year from interested friends.

If access could be had to the letters received by Dr. and Mrs. Scott from grateful parents or from sons and daughters now in college who look back with affection to the happy companionships of high school days in the Walker Home, it is easy to imagine that generous donors would not be hard to find.

One missionary writes: "Our furlough has meant more to us because we have had the privilege and blessing of this happy environment."

Another says: "The fellowship of kindred souls, the home-like atmosphere, and the spirit of good Christian cheer that permeates the whole establishment, home and cottage, is something we will never forget. It is a hard place for us to leave, and it will be a place to which we shall return with joy."

Gifts should be sent to Mrs. James L. Barton, President of the Board of Managers, 21 Orient Avenue, Newton Centre, Mass.

Editorials

Pauline Rowland Sistare, of Sapporo, Japan, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Harold M. Lane, professor of English at the Imperial University. She has been enthusiastic in her work for young people, giving special time to student evangelism.

Personals.

Dr. Harriet E. Parker, of the Madura Mission, reached her beloved hospital Saturday noon, February 25th. After hastily unpacking that afternoon, she was making rounds in the hospital Sunday morning. Two of her Birds' Nest children had recently died of smallpox and some of the hospital staff were ill, so she felt "it was time for me to arrive," and sends "best salaams to the Board for letting me return."

A group of missionaries from the Marathi Mission have just arrived in this country. Miss Elizabeth Johnson landed in New York March 29, and after a few days in Brooklyn went on to friends and relatives in and near Chicago. The sea voyage has been a benefit, but a prolonged rest will be essential after her serious illness. Arriving by the S.S. "Valencia" in Boston, April 7, were Miss Emily Bissell and Miss Loleta Wood, of the W. B. M. I. and Miss Gertrude Harris, supported by the Hampshire County Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Miss Clara Richmond, our kindergarten missionary at Cesarea, has a full schedule with relief work and church work. Her associate, Miss Orvis of the W. B. M. I., says they are "hungry for word from home. Sometimes we feel entirely cut off. Seldom do we get letters, but now they come well by Turkish post if they pass the censor. Please send letters that way and ask friends to write often on non-political subjects. Packages of pictures for the children would be hailed with joy."

A society in the suburbs of Boston sent a representative with a ten dollar bill to headquarters with the request that it be used for some especially pressing new need. It seems that this extra money was given in memory of its Honorary President, who had for many years been the life and inspiration of the Women's Missionary Society. Instead of sending flowers to her funeral, it was thought more appropriate to give the money for some cause which would be dear to the heart of the old saint who had passed on. After some conference with one of our Secretaries, it was decided to give the money to help build a new house for one of the Bible women in Madura. Here is a hint for other societies.

Several new and attractive leaflets are now in press in preparation for the spring meetings and summer conferences. Of these, two belong to the school series,—Inanda Seminary and the Wenshan Girls' School, Foochow, and are free. "Seeing Uduvil," written by Miss Bookwalter, "A Women Doctor in a Chinese City," telling of Dr. Lora G. Dyer's fight with disease in Foochow and a revised edition of the Madura Hospital leaflet, are five cents each. A new kindergarten booklet, describing typical kindergartens in various fields, with very cunning illustrations, is ten cents a copy.

A folder, "Twenty-four Hours a Day," with unique cover design of clock dial, is intended to take the place of the "Overlook of Woman's Board Work." This is for free distribution at Branch meetings.

The Christian Literature Committee has just published a new program containing a dialogue by Lucy Fairbanks Alvord and

other original and interesting material for use in women's societies, girls' clubs, in Christian Endeavor meetings, or other groups. This sells for five cents a copy.

All these leaflets should be ordered from Miss Conley in ample season for use at the spring meetings.

Building with India, the joint text-book of the Central Committee and the Missionary Education Movement, has been unavoidably delayed in publication, but will doubtless be

Text-Book ready before May 1. It is an opportune circumstance that both the *Missionary Herald* and the *Missionary Review of the World* present India in their April issue. The *Missionary Herald* has several interesting articles, among them "India in the Melting-Pot," by Rev. James F. Edwards, Bombay; "The Enshrined Christ," by Mrs. Hannah Hume Lee; "A Review of Dr. R. A. Hume's new translation of the Upanishads," several letters from India missionaries, and eight pages of illustrations. The *Missionary Review* shows in its table of contents such names as Robert E. Speer, E. M. Wherry, D. J. Fleming and Belle M. Brain. Price 25c a copy. With LIFE AND LIGHT we are offering the *Missionary Review of the World* for the remainder of the year for \$2.00.

As appeals are being sent broadcast just now for increased funds for Near East Relief, there is food for reflection in the

Those in following paragraph:
Prison Give "Practically every convict in the Virginia state
For Near penitentiary has contributed to a fund of \$91.46.
East Relief. recently raised at the institution for the assistance of the Near East children. The fund represents 914 days of hard labor at a rating of 10 cents a day. No man gave less than a day's pay, and a few donated a month's wages. Touched by the pitiful condition of these unfortunate little ones, every class of criminal on the calendar gave freely from their little hoards of money to the cause."

The foreign missionary text book for the year, "Building with India," by Dr. D. J. Fleming, which will be used at the Summer

**Summer
Schools and
Conferences.**

School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies at Northfield, is the result of actual experience gained through living in this ancient land among its people. The class in the study of the book will be taught by Miss Gertrude Schultz, a member of the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions, whose equipment and experience well qualify her for this work. The text books for Camp girls are "Lighted to Lighten," by Alice D. Van Doren, and "India on the March," by Alden H. Clark. Senior classes and classes for girls will be conducted in Bible Study and Methods. The daily Bible Hour at the Auditorium is under the leadership of Dr. Frederic C. Spurr of the Regents Baptist Church, London, England.

Miss Ruth Isabel Seabury will be in charge of Camp Aloha and full information in regard to registration in the Camp may be obtained by addressing the Young People's Department of the Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street. The dates are July 12-20.

The Missionary Education Movement Conference at Silver Bay, New York, will be held from July 7-17.

**THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, MARCH 1—31, 1922**

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1921	\$10,945.25	\$430.00	\$199.47	\$967.76	\$12,542.48
1922	14,720.22	271.00	640.88	1,516.67	17,148.77
Gain.....	\$3,774.97		\$441.41	\$548.91	\$4,606.29
Loss.....		\$159.00			

OCTOBER 18, 1921 — MARCH 31, 1922

1921.....	*\$72,893.42	\$5,373.95	\$14,496.76	\$3,748.46	*\$96,512.59
1922.....	100,253.97	5,914.92	12,402.29	4,779.58	123,350.76
Gain.....	\$27,360.55	\$540.97		\$1,031.12	\$26,838.17
Loss.....			\$2,094.47		

*This sum does not include \$26,299.76 received from the Congregational World Movement Emergency Fund.

Conditional Gifts

The fact that we have not mentioned Conditional Gifts recently in these pages does not mean that interest in them has waned or that their desirability has decreased. Since last October the Board has received six such gifts, varying in amount from \$1,000 to \$10,000. We have been interested to note that one was from a woman who twice previously had given jointly with her sister. Another was from one whose sister had already given. Such incidents please us as evidence that the previous gifts had proved satisfactory. The largest sum was given through co-operation of husband and wife, and upon the death of the beneficiary is to become a fund perpetuating the name of an honored Mother. We are in correspondence in reference to other possible gifts. One friend who was recently in our office had only a few days before learned how our Conditional Gift plan fitted in with her needs and desires. She expects soon to bring us one of her bonds. The Board accepts this at the market price on the day of receipt and from that day the Board pays a fixed income on that sum. Upon her death this gift also is to become a fund bearing the name of the donor's mother and the income is to be used thereafter for a certain form of work in which her mother was especially interested. Note her benefits: her income is guaranteed; she is sure the money which she would otherwise have left by bequest will reach the Board without shrinkage through unanticipated decrease in value of the estate, by any incapacity on the part of her executor, or any unexpected litigation; she can perpetuate the memory of her Mother as well as the work in which she was interested. This friend and others also have said that they hoped later to be able to add to their original gifts. We trust that all who are interested in the subject of Conditional Gifts will write freely to the Treasurer of the Board, Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, or see her by appointment. She is glad to study the matter with any who are not yet sure whether such a gift is possible or desirable in their case. All such inquiries are considered strictly confidential.

Pundita Ramabai's Death

A World Personality in Christian Service

A cablegram from India April 5 announced the death of Pundita Ramabai, who has been known for nearly a generation as the saviour of many Hindu Widows. She was the daughter of a Brahmin priest and so well educated that before she was twenty she received from the Pundits of Calcutta the title of Sarasvati, never before conferred upon a woman.

Convinced by her study of the Hindu sacred writings that the degradation to which widows were subjected was not a tenet of the Hindu religion, but an abuse of its teachings, Ramabai, herself a widow, determined to devote her life to bettering the condition of the sad class of her sisters. To this end she went to England in 1883 where she mastered English, giving lectures in Sanscrit at Cheltenham College in return for English lessons.

In 1888 she visited the United States, where she interested many religious leaders in her plan for starting a home for widows where her country women could come without fear of breaking caste, since Ramabai herself was a widow.

Accordingly, upon her return to India, she opened in Bombay such a home school which was called "Sharada Sadan," (Home of Wisdom). This school, small at first, increased rapidly during the great famine in 1896. It was moved to Poona, a farm was bought, Ramabai associations were formed in America and England, and soon hundreds of girl widows were finding protection and a way to happy self-reliance. The enterprise started solely for widows. In later years it so developed that schools and orphanages for 1500 or 1700 young women and children have been carried on with the greatest success. She trained her own teachers for the industrial departments of weaving, printing and farm work. In addition to all her activities in superintending and financing she translated the Bible and many other Christian books into the language of the people among whom she worked.

Quite early in her life she accepted the intellectual truth of Christianity and was baptized in the Church of England during

her stay in London. But in her wonderful little book called "A Testimony," published in 1917, on her own press in Poona, she says: "I came to know after eight years from the time of my baptism that I had found the Christian religion which was good enough for me, but I had not found Christ." In the same pamphlet she relates the evolution of her religious experience until she came to accept with joy Jesus Christ as her Saviour. Of this period of her life (about 1901) she writes:

"I can only give a faint idea of what I felt, when my mental eyes were opened, and when I, who was 'sitting in darkness saw Great Light,' and when I felt sure that to me, who but a few moments ago 'sat in the region and shadow of death, Light *had* sprung up.' I was very like the man who was told, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk.' 'And he leaping stood up and walked and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God.' I looked to the blessed Son of God who was lifted upon the Cross and there suffered death, even the death of the Cross, in my stead, that I might be made free of the bondage of sin and from the fear of death, and I received life. Oh the love, the unspeakable love of the Father for me, a lost sinner which gave His only Son to die for me! I had not merited this love, but that was the very reason why He showed it toward me."

Thus has passed into Eternal Joy a woman who has not only brought unspeakable blessing to thousands of women of her own race, but one who has by the story of her personal devotion to Christ brought inspiration and uplift to multitudes throughout the Christian world.

The visit to America of Pundita Ramabai and her beautiful daughter, Manoramabai, some years ago, will be recalled by many of our constituency. The death of this brilliant and beautiful only child last summer was a sad blow, and the mother who had centered all her hopes in this promising daughter has survived her by only a few months.

Modes of Travel in China

By Eunice T. Thomas

TO get out of Foochow one naturally has to use a boat. Now there are all kinds of boats—sampan, for instance. I had the fun of introducing a sister of mine to sampan travel after she had lived many years in New York City. When we lifted our feet and lowered our heads sufficiently to get aboard, my sister remarked the children of the family ranged in a row on the deck behind us. “Brought all the children with them on this trip, haven’t they?” “Yes, why not?” “Don’t they ever leave them at home?” “This happens to *be* their home.” Then the idea gradually dawned that here was a part of the boat population of Foochow, and a fairly generous part, it seemed to us, ere we arrived at our destination. Of course, there are other kinds of boats, house boats and launches and junks and steamers, and then there is the Feiching. Since we made a trip to Shanghai on the Feiching I put it in a class all by itself. We went up “on the edge of a typhoon” and never fell off. We stayed on deck till the captain declared “we were really on his nerves,” but there was so much better air on his nerves than in



Traveling by Sampan.

our wretched little cabin that there we stuck till the end of the voyage. As my sister said, we made perfect human accordions as the boat rolled from side to side, stretching as we clung to the brass railings that kept us from going overboard, and then crumpling into a heap as the boat went over the other way. Arrived in Shanghai, we were so limp that when a balky horse threatened to back our carriage off the pier we made no move to save ourselves. To return to the water would have seemed like going back to our native element.



Family Life on the Houseboats.

In Shanghai the number and variety of the vehicles is too great even to mention. All that China has ever used in any period or province and all that other parts of the world now find convenient are there in a procession regulated by Indian *sikhs*, whose favor I coveted at first sight. I'd surely hate to be disliked by any of those swarthy giants. The gay throng as it surged past presented such an alluring spectacle to my sight that I hated to interrupt it to make a crossing of the street. If I had not had as a pilot in shopping a sophisticated niece who had been in Shanghai school for some years I am not sure I should ever have found courage to cross at all. The rikishas in Shanghai

are certainly more comfortable than those in Foochow, but the men have just as many gaits as we know here. The lopers, the trotters, the gallopers, those that canter and those that walk, beside those that leap up only to come down on the same spot, are all among those present in the waiting line at the side of the street. One great difference I observed between the wide use of the rikishas in the North and the South. With us there seems to be something—custom or convention—that limits our travel in this vehicle to the confines of roads. But no such limitation obtains in the North. Across a field, along a railroad track, or anywhere a coolie can run—there he takes his rikisha, and there you ride if you can keep your seat. If not, you lose it, but the next fare succeeds you in the perilous proceeding. Sensations by rikisha are much more numerous in the North than in the South and the springs of the vehicle have to be stronger.

North of Shanghai travel is chiefly by train and such a variety of trains as there are to choose from! I found some trains that went through water like boats—no flood could stop them, and others seemed to find a few drops fatal to any progress. On some trains you sit sidewise—on some you face the front, and others require that you ride backwards over the roadbeds that foreign money has built and Chinese money has never repaired. There are trains where third class is comfortable and others on which you'd hate to ask your cook to travel first class, but some things all trains seem to have in common. For instance, all seem equally averse to selling foreigners good Chinese food for a couple of dimes when poor foreign food can be had for a dollar and a half. Then, no porter on any train knows why you should ask for a pillow. Sheets? Yes. Blankets? Perhaps, if that is what you call them. Pillows? Never. But the generalization I feel like making on trains in China, and I feel like making it strong, is that upper berths are dangerous. I'm not an inventor myself, but I really think that some scientific mind ought to get busy on a scheme to keep passengers in their places over night. For the benefit of the untravelled, I might pause to explain that there is absolutely nothing between your feet and the outside of the

world if you are condemned to spend the night in the upper berth of a Chinese train, no screen or curtain or shutter. And I'm willing to leave it to anybody who has tried it, to say whether it isn't enough to try to keep yourself on the narrow ledge without danger from the end adding its terrors. For myself, I assure you that several times in one night I fully expected some extra lurch to shoot me straight out the window onto the head of some unsuspecting famine sufferer, not to be missed by my friends until morning.

Animals furnished the most novel travel I had during the summer. Everyone knows how scarce animals are in Foochow, except buffalo cows, and I never heard of a foreigner trying to ride a buffalo cow. Donkey riding at Peitaiho was one of the chief excitements. Everyone seemed ready to risk life and limb in this adventure, limb being the more exposed of the two. My first ride was one morning to the sand dunes before breakfast. I had heard the dunes familiarly spoken of as though they were near at hand, and not knowing how far off they were by donkey I ordered my beast the night before with the rest. Well, I forbear to dwell on that journey—my first by donkey-back—how



A Common Sight in North China.

my little beast balked at every bit of water, (and we forded numberless streams), while the dunes withdrew farther into the distance as we proceeded. I will simply state that when I got off that donkey I wasn't at all sure my knees would ever speak to each other again. But they had to walk home together, because we got too drenched to ride.

This leads me to tell what a wet season this was in the North. Of course, wherever tourists go the weather is unusual during their stay, and this summer the dry North was visited with such heavy rains that the resulting floods delayed us all in getting home. Between the floods and the fighting around Hankow, our getting home at all may be looked upon as a miracle.

To continue about animals. I didn't get a chance to ride a camel in Peking. They say it isn't done, but I could imagine no greater satisfaction than to be able to manage such a supercilious looking creature from a position astride his back. It would be, to my thinking, a form of dramatic justice that such a superior beast should be *under* somebody. I never saw anything so disdainful as the toss of the head of a Peking camel. A degree of intimacy with the Mongolian breed of horses was granted me in a brief visit at Tehchow. There they told me there was no better way of seeing the country than from the back of one of their horses. So they gave me the back of a horse, fresh from Mongolia, to see it from, but really, the landscape I viewed from that ride is nothing I feel prepared to describe. My memory of that experience dwells gratefully upon the remarkable series of coincidences it included. To think that every time I came down I found that horse coming up to meet me in the right spot is something I still marvel at. I came down so often and always found the horse right there. It was marvellous how regularly those coincidences occurred. The force with which we encountered each other every time, the horse and I, made more impression on me at the time than it does now, but it was all wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten.

In Tehchow, too, I first rode in a Peking cart. Minus springs plus mud and road ruts, I commend it as an unparalleled instrument of torture. What with its side racks and its hard floor there is not the least chance of missing the full effect of each violent jolt. I pass on to you the advice I received, but had no chance to follow: If you want to ride comfortably in a Peking cart the only way is to line the cart with feather beds and then walk. One foreigner in Tehchow had written home so much about the difficulties

of travel that his constituency had taken compassion on him and sent him a two-wheeled cart from home. I had two rides in it and found it apparently the pride of the whole station. Perhaps I might have appreciated it more if I had tried it after the Peking cart instead of before, but as it was too narrow gauged for the mud roads and one wheel was condemned to the lowly course of a deep rut wherever the other one might wobble, I found my seat an uncertain quantity and were I to travel there indefinitely I should seek comfort in some other form.

One could go on indefinitely discussing modes of travel as he finds them in China, but I will only say in closing that to me in my summer wanderings they have furnished great variety of sensations and interest and I recommend them as an excellent substitute for the excitements of the American amusement parks which we missionaries are commonly supposed to miss so much.



Bearing Heavy Loads Across a Frail Bridge.

Imadegawa Kindergarten 1897-1922

By Florence H. Learned, Kyoto

IN March this year, Imadegawa Kindergarten completes twenty-five years. Five years ago, because of street-widening, the plant was moved to the present site, which seems ideal. Although the equipment is not perfect, the building is well suited for its purpose, and the playground is roomy and attractive. It has come a long way from the cramped little rooms of De Machi days, where it struggled for existence twenty-five years ago. After moving to Imadegawa there came flourishing, fruitful years, a full kindergarten, a large Sunday school, where, in their student days at the Doshisha, Pastors Ebisawa, Watanabe, Hatanaka, Prof. Tominomori and others taught. There were morning and evening Sunday services, a Christian Endeavor Society, mothers' meetings and grandmothers' meetings. The result was the Imadegawa Church, which a few years later moved to its own church home. Then the Sunday school was divided in two, the children above kindergarten age becoming the church Sunday school, the remainder the kindergarten Sunday school, which has again grown to include older children.

The graduates number 495. It has not been possible to keep in touch with most of them, but it is certain that many have united with the church. One of the noticeable influences of the kindergarten is the way the parents' hearts soften towards Christianity in permitting their children to keep on attending Sunday school somewhere and then to unite with the church. A family of position sent their seven children to the kindergarten. The parents had "no use for religion" *but* when it came time for their first child to be married they chose for her a Christian young man. That was five years ago, and this spring the kindergarten takes in as its first "grandchild" the little grandson of that family. There is no doubt that those who send their children feel that in some way the Christian kindergarten gives them something

of value that they cannot get elsewhere. Last year at the close of the graduation exercises the mother of a boy in the graduating class came and expressed her thanks for what the kindergarten had done for her child. She had been touched by the exercises and the tears were still in her eyes as she said, "You have taught my child the Way of Life; you have taught him of God. Recently we were at the funeral of a relative's child; everyone talked of the dead child as gone into darkness, no one knew where, and they cried. Tsune saw and heard them, and spoke up and said, 'He isn't dead; he has gone to God.' He said it with a smile on his face. "I thank you from my heart for teaching him this." Such heartfelt appreciation and testimony were worth twenty-five years of kindergartening. Yes, the children are the carriers of the precious seed-truths sown in their hearts during the short one or two years of the kindergarten. In the same class with Tsune was Miya, the little daughter of a young doctor's family. Recently the mother united with the church. A letter telling about this said, "It is the result of seed-



Little Seed Sowers of Love.

sowing by the Imadegawa Kindergarten, and now she is writing earnestly to her husband in England to lead him, too." Two years ago, when this young doctor of the Imperial University Hospital went abroad for study, he remarked to his wife that of all the many send-off gifts received from his friends the one he most valued was the New Testament.

The kindergarten has a good reputation for

fitting children for the public school, and parents have that in mind in sending their children. Their physical and mental development is well provided for, but the emphasis is on the spiritual. The *atmosphere* is spiritual. No sooner are the children inside the gate than they are in a new and beautiful world, which leads them unconsciously to the Heavenly Father, to Jesus, to a feeling of kinship with each other and with the whole world. There are sixty children in the kindergarten, learning that God is Love, that He loved us and sent Jesus for our sakes, that Jesus was the first great Teacher of Love, that Love is the greatest of all things, that Love is just being kind to each other and to every one. The other day two little boys stood glaring at each other with fists ready for blows. A teacher who happened near took each little fist in her hands, saying, "Some one forgot that love—is—kind," and their little mouths spontaneously said, "Love—is—kind"; smiles came into their eyes, and before they knew it they danced off good friends. Love is kind—and thoughtful.

Used paper handkerchiefs have a way of littering up places. One way of being kind is to help O Ba San, the old servant, by



Kindergarten Comrades.

putting used paper into the waste-paper box. One morning before kindergarten began some of the early children were playing out-of doors, and Seki San was half-way up a tree. A teacher coming along saw a big piece of crumpled newspaper on the ground and asked who left it there. "I didn't," "I didn't," sang out a chorus. Seki San called down, "I didn't, but since 'love is kind' I will go and put it in the box," and down he came in a twinkling and rushed the paper off to where it belonged. Seki San is a boy from a non-Christian family.

Grown-up graduates speak of their kindergarten days as the happiest of their lives. It is easily believed, for where else could they have found so many jolly playmates, so much fun, so many interesting things to do, so many wonderful stories to listen to, songs to sing, and games to play—each week and month bringing some new interest—and, not the least, kind teachers who helped to make those days happy and beautiful.

Giving and Receiving at Johannesburg

By Alice Weir

In this article will be found the cut of Miss Weir for which a picture of Mrs. L. S. Gates of Sholapur and some of the little children of the station was accidentally substituted in the April number of LIFE AND LIGHT.—*The Editor.*



Miss Weir.

The work at Doornfontein gives us cause for much thankfulness. The women of our women's meetings have been attending very regularly and taking an active interest in the meetings. The Sunday school and day school work is also most encouraging. Not only are our numbers increasing, but we feel we are getting nearer the hearts of our children, and, after all, this is what we need most, if by the grace of God we are going to win them for Christ.

We held our Christmas entertainment

at an earlier date this year, as some of our native teachers and many of the children were going away to their natal homes for Christmas. It was held on the evening of the closing of the day school for vacation; consequently we had a larger gathering than usual—250 children. Mrs. Bridgman, Mrs. Phillips and myself called on some of the business people who had been kind to us before, and collected some money for gifts for our Christmas tree. The children gave a fine program, the native teachers also taking part, which was much enjoyed. They were in very high spirits and when Father Christmas (or Santa Claus) arrived to give out the little gifts, it was like setting a match to a bundle of fireworks. They burst into one loud cheer. If it was a strain on the ears of the listeners, they were well repaid in seeing the children overflowing with joy.

We praise God for the continued interest of our big girls and lads in their Bible classes. Some of them have been in Sunday school ever since it was commenced by Mrs. Bridgman. Last Saturday we gave our Bible class boys a social evening. It was held in the schoolroom and was the first social of their own they have had. They all enjoyed it very much. Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman each gave a very encouraging message and a number of recitations and solos were given by some of our European friends. One of the native boys, when thanking the friends for their entertainment, said, "We are very grateful to the friends for coming from high society to a people who are looked upon as nothing."

You will have seen by my last letter that after a great deal of trouble Dr. Bridgman was able to rent a hall near the Newlands Location for our new Sunday school work. The children are still as enthusiastic as they were at the first. As our train comes into the station we see a stream of children running up the hill to meet us and take our coats and anything we may be carrying. Our numbers are still increasing. One Sunday we had 189 children and every Sunday we see new faces coming in. At present we have six volunteer helpers, and we are praying for more. We give the children a little text card every Sunday to take home. This they like very much and it lets them carry home a message from God's Word.

To help cover the cost we told the children if they cared they could bring a penny to put into the money box. This was only mentioned the week before last and last Sunday as I was coming down from the station a little girl ran up and put a penny in my hand for the money box. I thought it was so sweet of the little one, and when we were in school I told the children about it. As I held the box up to put the penny in there was a rush of little ones with pennies to put in the box. In all they gave one shilling sixpence. I was quite touched by it and I thanked God for His goodness in sending me to help tell these children about Jesus and His love for them.

Two weeks ago we commenced our women's prayer meeting for the mothers of these children and any of the women of the Location. The first week we had seven women and last week we had twelve. I trust their interest will increase, as the women get to know about this meeting. I am sure if only our kind friends in America could come on a visit to Africa their hearts would be cheered to see how God has answered their prayers and ours.



Miss Weir with the Little Ones.

Facts for the Busy Woman.

Africa has an area of twelve million square miles. It measures five thousand miles from north to south and four thousand five hundred miles from east to west. Within the continent might be placed the whole of Europe, the United States, India, China and several Japans. By another comparison, it is as large as North America and Europe combined.

Hopeful News from Matsuyama, Japan

By Olive S. Hoyt

A letter to New Haven Branch expressing gratitude for a gift of money to the Matsuyama Girls' School, in memory of one of their faithful Branch workers, brought an interesting response from Miss Hoyt which we are glad to share with others who are interested in her and Miss Earle, her new associate.

AFTER careful consultation with the teachers, it seems to all that the best use for the money will be for a reference library for the teachers. This amount will not get an extensive library, but it will make a good beginning. There is nothing in the school now except a few small dictionaries, and the teachers are hampered in their work because of the utter lack of reference books. The teachers have expressed great appreciation of the gift, and I assure you that I am very grateful and can hardly tell you how much it means to me.

Miss Earle, who has come out for a three-year term of service, is a very great addition to the work. She is a fine teacher, a consecrated worker and a delightful personality. She is an accomplished violinist, and her music is greatly appreciated by the school and the church. She is doing the most of the English teaching, so that I have time to devote myself to the executive work of the school. My head Japanese teacher has been ill since last spring, and I have had to try to do the work of three people. I am happy to say that our devoted



Miss Hoyt Standing on the New Site.

teacher is getting on well, and there is every hope that he will be able to return to the school in April. Then things will move much more smoothly.

The students and alumnae gave a bazaar last October that netted nearly two hundred and fifty dollars. This is to be made the nucleus of an endowment fund that the Alumnae Association has pledged itself to work for. This is a splendid beginning, and I am sure that it means interest and support in the future. If the school can be brought up to the government standard, I feel sure that the alumnae will stand back of it financially in many generous gifts.

The school is enjoying its fine site every day of its life. Visitors all exclaim over it when they come to see us, and say that it is the finest school site in all Japan. We still hold the old lot, but a purchaser has been found for part of it, and we expect to sell one-third of it within the next few days. That will mean that we can begin to put into the school some permanent equipment, and can make our plans for building some time in the future.

Three of our girls were baptized just before Christmas. It is not so much a problem of arousing their interest as it is of teaching them how to live Christian lives and to keep their Christian ideals after they have become Christians. But I had a rebuke to my lack of faith this fall. When I was here in the school seven years ago there was among the students a fine girl, quiet and scholarly, who seemed indifferent to Christianity. We never heard a word from her after her graduation. But this fall, who should appear at church one day but this same girl, now mother of two children. She had moved to Matsuyama, and said that she could not stay away from church. She has come often since, and I hope she will be able to unite with the church sometime.

“Every human being who comes into the world has a message to deliver. The difference between John the Baptist and most of us is not that he was sent to bear witness, but that he discharged that duty.”

Teaching and Healing at Ismid

By Grisell McLaren

SINCE my return from my vacation in the Caucasus I have been the only American nurse in the hospital here, the other two having gone to Erivan with our doctor to take charge of the medical work there. There is much to be done there and I should have been glad to have been one of those chosen to go among my old friends. However, I am hoping to go there sometime and I am not sorry that it was decided that I was the best one to stay here on account of having the language and being able to teach the nurses as none of the others could. Dr. and Mrs. Dewey, who have, as yet, no prospect of getting into Talas to their work, have gladly accepted this position here under the Near East Relief and the American Women's Hospital Association for the present. I am very fortunate to have real missionaries as my associates, for our aims are one, and we work together very happily.

Mrs. Dewey began a club with the nurses and has had Bible classes with them. The fruit of her labors is seen in the changed lives of some of the girls. They are far from perfect, and in fact sometimes most discouraging, but, in spite of failures, they have higher ideals than they had when they came to us. Probably, girls at home who had no better background and were only fifteen or sixteen years old would do no better. We are greatly in need of a few more nurses as we have just enough to put two on each ward and two on night duty, and it is very hard when there is need of any one for special duty or when one of our girls is not well. I have written to headquarters to see if recruits cannot be found in some of the orphanages, but so far there has been no favorable reply. I am hoping that there may be some for us among the more than two hundred girls whom Miss Webb has just brought from Adana.

The attitude of the government toward us has, for the most part, been friendly. To be sure, we have gone quietly about our work, asking no favors, and respecting their wishes as far

as possible. Also, they realize that we are taking good care of many of their sick and poor at no expense to them. We are restricted in our motions and are not allowed to travel on the railroad without special permission from Angora. We are also not allowed to have visitors from the capital as freely as before.

Miss Holt hopes to be able to send some of her girls to friends in Constantinople and all her trachoma girls there for treatment. This would reduce her numbers greatly and she would feel more at ease.

On the Armenian New Year we had a dinner party for the nurses and other Armenian workers who live up on the hill with us. On the table were two enormous "Jack Horner" pies and great was the fun as each one "stuck in her thumb and pulled out a plum"—not one only, but several for each person. The problem of providing presents for so many was a difficult one, but the "old clothes' boxes" helped to solve it, for we found some very acceptable gifts in them. There were pretty sport hats for each of the nurses, nice warm petticoats, stockings and other things both useful and attractive. After the dinner came the tree at the hospital. There were only a very few patients who were too ill to come to the entertainment. The Turks were very much interested in seeing for the first time such a celebration.

We have simple short services in the hospital every Sunday. The nurses sing and the Scripture is read both in Armenian and in Turkish. This last is done by a Moslem patient who offered to do it. No one is obliged to be present at these meetings, but all look forward to them. Even the Turkish workmen come every Sunday.

We keep pretty much to our home and work here. There is no place to go even if the rain stopped long enough to let us go. I have had on a hat but once since November and my heavy coat only about three times. However, do not get the idea that life is monotonous or tedious. It is far from that. It is very interesting. We may not be doing exactly what we planned or what we should like to be doing, but we do feel that it is very much worth while and will surely help in the bringing in of the Kingdom in this land.

A Full Program in a Big Field

By Grace M. Breck, Paotingfu

HAST year was one which made us realize God's power in wonderful ways. The days of the miracle of multiplying the loaves and fishes are not past yet; and I sometimes wonder if I can ever read the accounts of that event in the gospels again without thinking of the North China famine of 1920 and 1921, and the wonderful way in which the seemingly impossible situation was met. In our moments of greatest faith none of us believed that money for relief could be sent to us in such large sums; nor that workers would be loaned from other parts of China in such numbers as to make possible relief work on such a large scale as later proved to be the case. Thousands and thousands of lives were saved because of the gifts that came pouring in from friends far and near. I know many of you had a share in this work.

Most of our regular evangelistic work in the country had to be set aside during the time when relief work was being done; although much evangelistic work was done in connection with the relief work. In the refuges where women and children were cared for—in the industrial classes which were organized in connection with the relief work, and in the various other forms of relief work—much was done in the way of bringing the gospel message to many who had not before had an opportunity to hear. Much new interest has been aroused, and many new doors opened; so that there is practically no limit to the number of classes which might be held for instructing new inquirers, nor to the number of new schools which might have been opened. Of course we have been able to follow up in an adequate way only a small proportion of the opportunities which presented themselves, owing to the shortage of both workers and money; but much is being done, and we are all greatly encouraged over the conditions in our field at present.

Some of you will remember that I have been giving much of my time to our boarding school here in our compound in Paotingfu, and perhaps you will be interested to know a little

of the situation here. In September, 1920, Miss Chapin left China to go home on her much needed furlough; so the entire responsibility of looking after the school was left with me during that year. We had long hoped that it might be possible to enlarge the school somewhat, so that we could take in more girls; and quite unexpectedly the money that was needed came during the summer of 1921. Building operations were begun in August, and finished a few weeks later. The four new dormitory rooms that were added, and the changes made in the dining-room and kitchen, made it possible for us to receive twenty more pupils than we had been able to take in before. This means that we have had sixty-five boarders during the past few months. There are nineteen day pupils, so the girls make quite a roomful when they all gather for morning prayers every day.

Heretofore we have been able to take only the girls in the primary department (the first four years of school), sending the girls in the grammar school department over to the Presbyterian School two miles away. For several years we have felt acutely the need of beginning our own grammar school department, as there are more applicants from among the Presbyterian constituency than can be received, and a correspondingly increasing number of our own girls who want to study. This year we have been able to start our grammar school department, with nineteen girls in the first-year class. We very much hope that we may soon have a full grammar school department for girls here in our own compound. We have a specially nice group of girls in our leading class this year, and that is one reason why we are especially glad to have these girls as the beginning of our new department.

An increasingly large number of girls apply for entrance in our boarding school each year, so that sometimes it is difficult to decide whom to receive of the various ones who would like to come. We have had a number of requests during the last few months to open schools for girls in several places in our country field. We were able to open two new schools last fall, but we had to decline the other requests. We hear similar reports from other Missions in North China. It is encouraging to know of this widespread interest in girls' education; but it is

hard to be obliged to decline the requests that come for new schools.

Sometimes the letters from home friends include a question as to what I really do in the course of the day. Just what constitutes one day's program, for instance? I wonder if there are some of you to whom the term *missionary* work conveys only a very vague idea of preaching the gospel to the heathen? Perhaps you might be interested in knowing somewhat in detail some of the things that I do.

The day begins officially at quarter past seven, when we eat breakfast. The next thing on the program is prayers with the servants. We take turns in leading that service. At half past eight it is time for school prayers. This service lasts until nine o'clock. I lead once a week, and plan to go every day, unless something interferes. From half past nine until eleven I am supposed to spend with my Chinese teacher. According to the regular schedule, I should still be spending part of each day in studying Chinese; but the work has been so pressing for a good many months past that I have had to drop my study of Chinese. I use my teacher's time to write Chinese letters, and to do the various writing that is needed in connection with the school records, etc., and to give me what assistance is needed in preparing to lead various meetings.

In addition to school prayers once a week, I have a Sunday school class on Sunday and I am often called on to lead various other meetings—at the prison, or for our local women here. Once in a while it is my turn to lead a meeting of the foreigners—either our union service with the Presbyterians on Sunday afternoons, or the Bible class which meets once in two weeks in our own circle of American Board missionaries. At my present stage of progress, it takes some time to find out just how to express in Chinese the ideas I wish to give in leading these various meetings and classes for the Chinese—after I get any ideas to express in any language; and when I lead meetings for the foreigners, it takes even more time to prepare, considering that a group of missionaries are not the sort of folks that you ordinarily like to make speeches to without thinking at least half an hour beforehand what you will say!

(To be concluded)

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Editorials

An open meeting of the Northern California Branch and the Home Union was held on March 16th, at Olivet Church, Oakland. Fourteen churches were represented and the audience filled the auditorium. The reports were all encouraging, Miss Edith Sprague announcing that the thank offering, a joint one for home and foreign missions, amounted to over \$1100, twice the sum that was given three years ago. The two principal addresses were given by Mrs. Herman Swartz on "The Apportionment and its Relation to the Churches," and by Mrs. J. T. Richards on the Jubilee of the W. B. M. P. Mrs. Richards is Jubilee chairman for Northern California.

A memorial service for Miss Annie T. Allen was led by Mrs. J. K. Browne, formerly of Harpoot, Turkey, whose association with Miss Allen extended over a period of forty-five years.

The next open meeting of the Branch and Union will be held May 18, at Ceres, Calif., afternoon and evening sessions.

Mrs. Helen Street Ranney, the Executive Secretary of the Board was recently ordained to the Congregational ministry at a very beautiful service held in the First Church, Berkeley. Mrs. Ranney's association with the ministry of our denomination in New England has been very close, coming as she did from a distinguished ancestry on both sides of the family, studying herself at Hartford Seminary and becoming a minister's wife. It was interesting and appropriate that a number of her former friends and associates in New England should be among the members of the Council which ordained her.

**For Wider
Service.**

Mrs. Ranney began the last of March a trip to Southern California, in the interests of the work in general and with especial reference to the Jubilee of the Board. She will also visit the Arizona societies and attend the Annual Meeting of the Southern California Branch of the Board. She will probably be gone about six weeks.

That is exactly what we want. Never have requests for Christmas boxes been more appealing than now. Every mission station is out of material, and asking in time for the consideration and co-operation we shall be only too glad to give. In addition to the usual articles, they ask for music and more music. Here comes this word from the Marshall Islands: "Their hearts were made glad especially by your contribution of Christmas music, for they had not had anything new along this line for many years, and would it be possible to send a little every year?"

A Summer Shower.

Good Cheer at Brousa

By Edith F. Parsons.

THIS is Greek New Year, January 14th, and we were planning to continue the round of calls on our pupils and their families, which we began this morning, but as a perfect tempest of rain came up at noon, following one of our real old-fashioned, energetic south winds, we put it off very reluctantly till later in the vacation. This is the second heavy wind we have had after we had begun to think there was scarcely anything of the kind. The other one came just at the close of school, and blew a lot of tiles off the roof, and then with the wind still going, came a deluge of rain, so that our upper dormitory was reduced to a scene of desolation and misery. Fortunately that was the last night all the girls were here. The next day by noon the rain had stopped and the wind lessened so we were able to put through our plans and take the girls all over to the Set-Bashi school for the tree and closing program of the

term. It was quite an affair this time, because in addition to our own day school in that building, the N. E. R. is financing a refugee school of about one hundred pupils. Most of them are pretty poor, of course, and our Y. W. C. A. had already provided shoes for the most forlorn, so that our children had begun to think about them.

A WHITE CHRISTMAS

We thought it would be a good idea if the pupils in our school should each take one child in the refugee school and provide some one little present for him in addition to the cards, nuts, and candy which we always give everybody. We had more children than necessary for this, but they all wanted to take part, even our orphans, who really have very, very little money of their own as they only get it when we make some arrangement by which they can earn a little from us. So we all scrambled over to Set-Bashi, and the refugee school sat in a solid phalanx in our midst, and our children saw their small proteges rise up and receive the copy books and handkerchiefs and harmonicas which they had bestowed upon them, and everybody was very much edified. Then we said good-by to our Brousa girls and to the few that went down to Mudania that afternoon, and took our family home, and got them all down out of the wet dormitory into the dormitories on the lower floor. We have quite a large vacation family this year, as we have more boarders anyway than for a long time, sixty-one in all, and then it is so difficult to travel that very few who came outside of Brousa itself have gone home.

NOTHING FOR NEXT YEAR

This really seems an opportune time to observe that we are absolutely out of everything that ever came in Christmas boxes. In fact, both this year and last we have had to buy some things because we give always to the kindergarten as well as to the girls who stay with us during vacation. This year I did not think there was anything at all, but we did find some pretty pic-

tures, most of them colored, and some good mounts for them, so we got these ready for the girls who have something of their own, and to those orphan girls that we take care of entirely, we gave towels, and everybody had one hair ribbon. But we have *not anything, not anything at all for next year*. You know you can send things to Constantinople, you do not have to wait for times to be such that you can send to Brousa, and then if started in time there will surely be some chance to send on here.

IN MEMORY OF MISS POWERS

I should not pass over this part of the year without speaking of the little memorial service we had when we heard of the death of Miss Powers, who at one time was principal of the school. Of course, that was a good while ago, two years before I came out I think she left, but she had been back here for a year during the war, and quite a few of the girls knew her. Then our present Armenian teacher was in the school as a pupil under Miss Powers, and for a little while as a teacher. We took the time at morning prayers the day after we got word of her death and the girls sang some hymns. Miss Jillson and I and the Armenian teacher each spoke a little, and our matron and the French teacher and another of our teachers, who had known Miss Powers slightly, said a few words, just giving what was to each of us the strongest and most helpful impression of her life. The next Sunday we invited those in the city who had known her, and had a brief memorial service following the regular church service. I think the girls were truly touched, and it was a help in the lives of certainly all the older ones to stop a little to think of the unselfish service that has been poured out to make their school life the strength and inspiration it ought to be.

“Christian efficiency means producing Christian results. Christian efficiency calls for the boldest Christian thoughts that a man can think—as long as they are truly Christian they are safe. No commonplace vision of the Church or the Kingdom will make any impression upon our age.”

Field Correspondents

Miss Lillian Picken writes from Marathi Mission:

Miss Lillian Picken, returning to the Marathi Mission, arrived in Bombay, February 17th, and went immediately to her station, Satara. She finds "more opportunity for work than one person could ever possibly meet" and is "overwhelmed with the openings for work with women who are begging us to come to their homes."

It is so good to be sitting again at my own desk in the big, cool room that looks out over this beautiful Satara valley, and to have more opportunities for work than any one person could ever possibly meet. Then, when I face round to the other side of the world to the loyal love and support which you are pouring out to me, and up into His face to the unfailing source of power and wisdom, I *know* that together we can do impossible things. Only those who have lived in India and love it can understand the thrill of coming back to all its varied sights and sounds, yes, and even its smells! For it is a fascinating country just to look at in passing, but if you love the people, then the life of India gets a hold upon your heart that nothing can remove. It only grows with years of separation.

Some of you know that a generous friend in America gave me money for a Ford car in the summer of 1920, so that I need not spend time and energy making the rounds of the villages on a bicycle. Mr. Moulton had made arrangements with a dealer in Bombay to furnish me one and on Friday afternoon we went to get it. It is a beautiful new Canadian model, with all the latest improvements and it runs perfectly. We drove about Bombay that afternoon doing errands, and on Saturday we shipped it to Poona by slow passenger train (mixed freight, we would call it at home). We took the Madras mail train that night and at seven-thirty next morning we left Poona for a beautiful seventy-mile drive to Satara through hill country south of Poona.

I shall not forget the glory of that morning's sunrise as we drove out of Poona. When we had climbed to the top of the long *ghat*, where Harry Gates met his tragic death on his motorcycle last year, we stopped for a little time of prayer before we descended into the valley beyond. Oh, the peace of that scene.

the winding road under the great shade trees, the lazy smoke of little villages here and there in the distance, and the bird songs all about us. It was a joyous homecoming to this land of my adoption and I wish you could all see how beautiful it was. We reached Satara about noon and I drove into the compound in the new car as proud as any Rajah in India!

Satara seems more beautiful to me than ever. It is an ideal place to live and work. Miss Nugent has done so well, although she has been alone so much of the time. The hostels for the boys and girls look so nice, and there are more fine children here in school than ever.

The work in the district is very promising. More villages are asking for schools. Mr. Moulton has opened three new ones lately. The wave of non-co-operation antagonism stirred up by Mr. Ghandi seems to be subsiding in this district. Just six miles northeast, on the road to the railway station, there is a village called Arle, on the Krishna river. Five men from that village were baptized just a few weeks ago. They are the first converts we have had for a long time. There are several more men and women in Arle who are studying and we hope to have the whole of that section of the village Christian before long. Will you help us pray for these new Christians as they face the persecution of their friends, and pray too for the others who may soon be baptized?

There is so much opportunity for work among the women that I am almost overwhelmed as I try to decide where to begin. In the city I had thought that perhaps the women would lose their cordiality toward us because no one has been to call on them for so long, and the Ghandi agitation has been pretty strong here. But instead of that the women are just begging us to come to their homes. I have some new Bible women in sight and a trained nurse to help. If I can get the money for their salaries we can make good use of them all.

Miss Anna Isabel Fox of Cagayan, Philippine Islands, writes:

I wish that you might have been present yesterday at a neighborhood Bible meeting for women. Nine of them came, dressed

in their simple home dresses, and we sang and prayed together, and one of the Bible school students and I gave simple little talks. The girls help in two such meetings each week, and they have charge of four village Sunday schools. This is their practical training, and they have three and four class periods each day. They have done well this year, and I do so want to start another beginning class in June, while these take up the work of the second year. We do need Biblewomen in all our towns, to reach the women in their homes.

Two days after Christmas, our long-prayed-for doctor arrived with his family. We were so glad to see them and not only we, but the whole town as well. He was given a royal welcome at a reception, at which there were over two hundred guests. The building of the boys' dormitory is being turned into a hospital as fast as the carpenters can do it, and soon we hope to have an institution that we can be proud of, and that will mean great help in our community. The Woodwards go on furlough soon.

My Sunday school class is coming here tomorrow for a business meeting and social—twenty sweet young women. Oh yes, we are quite up to date, all organized, and named the "Fidelis Class." You would love them. I only wish I could inspire them more with the joy of service to others. They are all members of our church, and our object in meeting tomorrow is to discuss how we may win others. The class has kept up its attendance beautifully, but does not increase in numbers as I would wish.

The days grow more and more busy, and the more busy they are the happier I am.

Miss Clarke writes of new dormitory nearly ready at Inanda:

"Phelps Hall" is almost finished now. The tinting of the walls is in progress and the painting and the outside plastering, which makes such a difference to the appearance is almost complete. We hope all will be ready for the formal opening on the Saturday following Good Friday. Only a few days in the year are suitable for the reunion of old girls that desire that occasion. Easter time is suitable and we look forward to a happy gathering. It will be a pleasure to entertain as many old scholars as can assemble here, together with a number of representative men

from our stations, from Friday evening until Monday or Tuesday, but it will entail considerable work and expense. Still it will surely be worth while and I hope it will be a time of inspiration to those who come and to us who work here and a joy to many old girls to meet again Mrs. Edwards and Miss Phelps.

Miss Walbridge is planning to be with us at that time. While she is studying the language at Umzunduze, she will not be very far away from Inanda, though we shall not be seeing her. It will be fine when she is ready to take up her work.

I wish you could see our fields of maize and taro, and sweet potatoes. They are coming on very well, though the heavy rains at the end of November and the first part of December, delayed the planting of the mealies. We have just been planting kale for greens for the girls and feed for the pigs and buckwheat for the chickens and mangels for the pigs—also two large pieces of wattle trees to keep up our supply of fuel. Now we are about to plough for beans, of which we hope to raise a large crop. February is the time for planting the second crop of beans. All that we can grow materially helps our food bill.

From the mountain heights of wisdom, where your
souls with God did meet,
Where the heart with wings was lifted, kneeling
at the Master's feet,
You have come—and all the glory of that great
and shining hour
Fills you with a peace unfathomed and a new and
wondrous power.

But forget not, when you turn again to level lands
below,
There are dwellers in the valley who that peace
will never know.

If your eyes see not their burden, or your
strengthened hands should fail,
To point ever toward the mountain with the up-
ward gleaming trail.—*Author Unknown.*

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

Is It Nothing to You—

That one-third the world is still illiterate, ignorant of true prayer, and beyond the reach of medical skill?

That the most far-reaching movements in human history are now taking place, affecting three-fourths of the human race?

That the thirst for Western education has gripped the Far East with a startling rapidity, breaking down age-long traditions as to womanhood and caste, and sending to school in Japan a larger proportion of children of school age than in any other land? Soon 50,000,000 will be at school in China.

That doors hitherto locked and barred are now "off the hinges," with the *literati* of China averaging 4,000 daily to hear the gospel message? In the mass movements of India, scores of thousands are turned away from the church because of no teachers to instruct them.

That America is growing rich at the rate of about nine millions a day, the wealth of Protestant church members in America alone being estimated at \$23,000,000,000?

That not one-half these church members give to either local church expenses or to benevolence, nor are they enlisted in any active church work?

That the great Captain waits, with the banner of the cross in his hands, for his rich and prosperous church to follow?—*The Missionary Intelligencer*.

A Christian Literature Parade

"The day before Christmas a huge Christian literature procession was held. The other religions have their big idol parades, so the Christian Chinese of the City decided that the Christians should have their procession too. About three o'clock 1,000 Chinese men, women and children, representing the denomina-

tional girls' schools, and boys' schools and women's colleges (this is where Ginling came in) and men's colleges, and the Bible Teacher's Training School, and the Theological Seminary, gathered in the Presbyterian Compound. The whole thing was planned and managed by the Chinese, what schools were to be represented, and their position in the line, order of march, and so on. Many of the schools and churches had huge white block crosses made out of paper, some carried green Christmas wreaths, there were many bright colored banners, and Chinese flags, and two loud brass bands. The enthusiasm of the occasion was very interesting to Western eyes and ears.

Then the line of march formed, and the long crowd of men, women and children distributed Chinese tracts to the crowds which thronged to see the procession. The long line marched slowly through the narrow, crowded streets, their gay banners floating over them, and the red, yellow and blue, white and black stripes of the Chinese flag waving in the breeze, and beyond in the distance, Purple Mountain in the December sunshine, smiled benignly down upon her children." *Letter from Ginling College.*

Caroline Borden

On March 19 there passed away at her residence on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, a woman who was a well-known figure in the early meetings of the Woman's Board. Her mother, Mrs. Richard Borden, was a charter member of the Board and Miss Borden herself was a director from 1873 until her death.

For many years she was vitally interested in two educational institutions which grew out of schools founded by the Woman's Board of Missions,—the International Institute for Girls in Spain at Madrid and the American College for Girls at Constantinople. She was prominent upon their managing Boards and gave time, strength and money for their development.

Junior Department

Lessons from Great Foreign Missionaries

By Herbert W. Gates

Christian Endeavor Topics for May 28, 1922. Scripture Reading: Acts 13: 1-12.

Barnabas and Saul, pioneer missionaries of the First Church of Christ in Antioch, sailed for Cyprus and entered upon the duties of their new office in that island. Such is the picture given in the reference suggested for this topic. To fill out the picture, one must read the rest of Acts and even more the letters of Paul, written to the churches in which he had labored. Take I Corinthians 9: 22 as a summary of his method and aim.

Anyone who reads missionary biography must be impressed with the adaptability of the missionary. Away from home, in strange lands and among strange peoples, without any of the accustomed conveniences and helps; they are inevitably thrown back upon their own resources.

There are two ways of approaching this topic. One may read the lives of outstanding missionary leaders and note the characteristics that appear therein. The only trouble is to decide where to begin in the long list:—Livingstone, Judson, Carey, Coan, Mackay,—we have just begun and all are full of interest.

Or, one may take a few mental and spiritual traits that characterize all successful missionaries and seek for illustrations of these in the biographies. Let us consider four such traits merely as suggestions.

1. *The Pioneer Spirit.* Most missionaries are pioneers in one way or another. The early missionaries and many of the modern ones have gone out into hitherto unexplored and unknown regions and have added greatly to the world's knowledge thereby. Most missionaries have to blaze new trails through the jungles of ignorance, superstition, and human misery.

Take "Long Jim" Stewart of Lovedale, for example; deciding to be a missionary while plowing in the home field, opening a new mission in Central Africa and doing pioneer work in the industrial training of the negro. The story is well told by J. Lovell Murray in his *World Friendship, Inc.*, pp. 82-86.

In the same book, pp. 73-75, is a fascinating glimpse of Tyn-dale-Biscoe, English athlete and scholar, breaking through the barriers of caste-prejudice and ignorance in Hindu India.

Or, one may send to the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston; for one or more of these pamphlets: *Morrison and the Opening of India*, *Judson and the Gospel in Burma*, or *Carey and the Land of India*. Each is a thrilling story of pioneer work.

2. *Belief in One's Message*. "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." So Paul, and so every really successful missionary since his time. When someone sneeringly asked Robert Morrison if he really expected to make any impression on the empire of China, he replied: "No, sir, but I expect God will."

Chapter IV in Dr. Fleming's *Marks of a World Christian* gives very good material on this point. Consider the value of this kind of faith in any service.

3. *The Ability to Do Things*. Again, comparisons are difficult, but is there a better example of this power than that of Joseph Neesima? An exile from his land for the sake of education, therefore a criminal in the eyes of his government, he forces recognition and respect from high officials. Refusing preferment and power for the sake of his Christian ambitions, he invites misunderstanding and yet compels friendship and protection. Finally he establishes a great university through cooperation and trust from Christian America and non-Christian Japan alike, and all through the power of a sublime faith, indomitable courage, and dogged persistence. *The Life and Letters of Neesima*, by Arthur S. Hardy, is to be found in most libraries.

Cyrus Hamlin in Turkey is another example of this same executive power. One may read this story briefly in *Under Many Flags*; in Hamlin's autobiography, *My Life and Times*; or in a pamphlet sketch of Cyrus Hamlin, by A. R. Thain, which may be secured by writing to the American Board.

4. *A Sympathetic Attitude toward Others*. This is the basis of the best modern missionary work. The modern missionary goes in a spirit of understanding to build upon the best in the old faith that may lead to the new. This gives emphasis to the

native church movement and training natives for leaders. On this point read chapter two in Fleming's book above mentioned.

Consider the value of such traits as these. What others do you discover? Are you cultivating them yourself?

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The Junior Department would be glad to send you information about Miss McClure at any time. You can have her letters from China by sending us ten cents for postage. If your Christian Endeavor has not seen the Shansi Album,—a book of pictures prepared and colored by Miss McClure—send your name to be put on the waiting list. Remember to support her with your contribution this year,—she's *yours!*

Summary of Receipts, March 1-31, 1922

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Cong'l World Movement	\$ 569.09	New Jersey Branch	\$1,548.44
Gifts not credited to Branches	1,099.71	Pennsylvania Branch	29.32
Eastern Maine Branch	80.71		
Western Maine Branch	446.10		\$16,824.35
New Hampshire Branch	261.10	Less gifts rec'd by error from	
Vermont Branch	702.09	Pennsylvania Branch	310.90
Andover & Woburn Branch	127.36		\$16,513.45
Berkshire Branch	540.85		
Essex North Branch	113.17	TOTAL FOR MARCH	
Essex South Branch	217.17	Donations	\$14,422.13
Franklin County Branch	230.65	Cong'l World Movement	569.09
Hampshire County Branch	1,175.00	Buildings	1,253.71
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	191.84	Specials	268.52
North Middlesex Branch	163.48	Legacies	1,322.64
Old Colony Branch	210.19		\$17,836.09
Springfield Branch	153.91		
Suffolk Branch	3,185.54	TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1921 to	
Worcester County Branch	1,007.04	MARCH 31, 1922	
Rhode Island Branch	173.50	Donations	\$93,825.09
Eastern Connecticut Branch	108.48	Cong'l World Movement	13,343.80
Hartford Branch	919.25	Buildings	4,097.66
New Haven Branch	1,401.09	Specials	2,824.12
New York State Branch	2,169.27	Legacies	12,381.15
			\$126,471.82

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